

THE EPISTAXIS

Volume ? — Massey Hall, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1919 — Edition - Sh - !

PLACE AUX DAMES—BLESS 'EM!



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW"

The Epistaxis

Editor D. S. Puffer, B.A.

"Daffydil Night"

Under the auspices of the Medical Society,
University of Toronto.

L. A. Pequenat, President.

Committee

Chairman F. P. Lloyd, M.A.
Secretary E. A. Carleton
Finance G. O. McDonald
Musical Director..... W. F. Gillespie, B.A.
Properties P. A. Sneath
Stage Manager..... J. E. McGillivray
Program Director P. L. Irvine
Lantern

Act. Directors

General—N. W. Russell.
Ladies—Miss Mary Cowan, B.A.
Fourth year—M. J. Brown.
Third year—W. S. Arthur.
Second year—E. G. Flemming.
First year—A. D. Purdy.

Illustrations Will Frost.

Our Bouquets

In submitting Epistaxis to the patrons of Daffydil Night we realize its shortcomings. Where it halts and stumbles, forgive; where it wobbles, forget; in short, "have a heart!" To all who have so graciously aided us in producing this edition we extend unbounded thanks. So too, would we make special mention of Mr. Will Frost, without whose ready wit and sketches we would have been in sore distress. His faculty of catching the spirit of our wants has been of very material assistance.

Our respected Dean, Dr. C. K. Clarke, has also not withheld his kindly interest, and through his counsel and able suggestions, his cheery response to requests and good humored forbearance, he has indeed been the students' friend.

To all our other many friends we render thanks. Daffydil Night promises to surpass all former events. The magnitude of the undertaking, the innovation of securing Massey Hall and the countless and difficult situations continually arising, called for a leader of no mean executive ability. To Mr. F. P. Lloyd, M.A., chairman, a living example of energy and his wide-awake executive our unmitigated thanks is due.

We would also direct your attention to a new element making its first and maiden appearance to-night. Behold the lady meds. in their very own act!

Finally, as in former years, so in this, the net proceeds resulting from Daffydil Night will be donated to the Social Service Fund of The Toronto General Hospital. To enable us to turn over as large a surplus as possible, and because of increased and heavy expenditure we have secured the generous support of the firms represented on the last page.

We rejoice with you that the boys will now all soon be home. May that satisfaction permit us to enter into the spirit of this the first Daffydil Night with no war clouds hovering o'er—even as in ye goode olde days.

Prologue

Once more the Wheel of Time has made its yearly turn,
Peace broods o'er the land, and those who deeply yearn
For gentler things than those supplied by Mars
Have gathered here to gaze, upon our dazzling Stars.
We welcome home, with joy, the boys from overseas
Who dared the dastard Hun, and faced the horrid breeze
Lade with deadly gas, pumped up from caves in Hell.
Hark! Hark! again we hear the call "Comrades, all is well,"
But while we play our parts upon this mimic stage,
We'll not forget the absent ones—the names upon the page
Of glorious deeds—the graves on Flanders' plains
Where poppies bloom in flaming red, symbolic of the stains
Which dyed the earth, the blood of those who hurled
Themselves on German spears to gain the freedom of the world.
With Peace comes Joy—with Joy comes Daffydil,
So let the flow of wit go on—and on—until

We've pricked the harmless bubbles of our dear respected teachers

Whose foibles, now and then present, some interesting features.
It's only once a year we ape them in their different roles,
While they for thirty weeks or more, have the iron in our souls.
Now let the curtain rise, and fiddlers, pluck your strings,
The clarinet and bass boom forth—and Discord, please take wings

The show is on—the merry stunts of male and female med.
Will surely raise this classic roof, or even raise the dead.
It has been done before—by Abbott and by Ben
When they hatched the 20th plane with their little ouija hen.
Our spirits rise, and yet we coax them not,
Nor hoax the hoary Plato, who seems "Johnny on the Spot"
Just watch us then—and if we can't show cause
Well, it's "up to you" to kill us with applause.

IT COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR. ENJOY IT

BITS BY THE WAY

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

- D** is for doctor, he who prescribes
For the various ills of man and his tribes.
A is for accident, sudden and quick,
Requiring the surgeon, skilful and slick.
F is for fever, infectious or not,
Depending on what the patient has got.
F also implies that series of terms
Connected with foci, the joy spots for germs.
Y is for YOU, when you're dizzy and blue,
Sure that you're in for a "touch" of the "Flu."
D comes along suggesting a drink
The kind of queer juice that's brown and not pink.
I is for invalid, chronic and dour
To whom the whole world looks fermented and sour.
L stands for lure with glittering gleam
That causes the doctor to smile, the surgeon to beam.
N is for nurse, starched stiff and trim,
Some of 'ems fat and some of 'ems thin.
I Inflammation, the clinical kinds,
That bother the 3rd year, and fog up their minds.
G is the letter that heralds the girls
Now entering the course in eddying swirls.
H stands for hospital, silent and grim.
Where life is preserved though chances seem slim.
T is for THOUGHT, that requisite thing
One needs when it comes to Exams. in the spring.

He who laughs at first will blush at last. Watch the spot light!

If you don't laugh to-night, your gears aren't meshing. Better consult a doctor.

It happened in Ward I, it also happened to one of the housemen, in fact such things do happen—unbelievable though it may seem—in these enlightened times.

Houseman, after ruthlessly puncturing a delicate feminine pinna with a cruel piece of glass provokes considerable bleeding; rushes off to the nurse and enquires: "Nurse, have you a styptic pencil?"

Nurse, hastily searching in her uniform, sweetly replies: "No, doctor, I haven't, I've only a fountain pen!"



DR. ROPER'S SENSE OF HUMOUR GETS A JOLT

AN OPINION

After considerable difficulty and not without exercising a deal of patience, we were fortunate to get in touch with some of the master minds in medicine—now dwelling on a level, so we are told, some score of planes above us poor earthly mortals.

Apparently we disturbed a Twentieth Plane meeting of what might be compared with the terrestrial conferences of the Academy of Medicine. Hippocrates was in a heated discussion with Paracelsus and Fallopius over the theory of the four humours and their relation to disease. Sylvius was a disturbing element, repeatedly "butting in" with his query "What about acids and alkalies, gentlemen, what about acids and alkalies?" Sydenham & Hahnemann apparently were more interested in a debate between themselves over infinitesimal dosage.

The Thought Ether was in such a terrific state of tension that repeated attempts to get into communication with the members failed. It would seem that had it not been for one incident, our efforts were doomed to failure.

Just when we were about to despair, an appreciable change was noted in ether tension. The causation was the arrival of Galen in a state of great excitement. All discussion ceased, and as with one voice the assembly greeted him with, "What ho, Galen,—late again!"

There followed a remarkable fibrillation of the thought ether, later explained to us as complementary to the wordy exchange between the president and Galen, particular emphasis being laid by the former on the later's dilatory habits. Galen we were informed has never yet appeared on time at any of the gatherings.

During the hub-bub following the tardy arrival of Galen we were able to catch some of his explanations to Harvey as to why he was delayed. Apparently he had lost his week's ration of condensed carbohydrates and proteins, leaving him only his tablets of fats; these he could not bear to eat alone. While searching for the missing chemicals a particularly dense purple-pink, Twentieth plane cloud swept about him, absolutely preventing him making further quest.

Galen was still explaining to Harvey, when Hypocrates caught the call from earth. Thereafter we conversed most intimately with him and his confreres.

Our chief desire was to obtain an unadulterated Twentieth Plane conception of the various undergraduate years in medicine. The following is the massed opinion:

5th year—?
4th year—??
3rd year—???
2nd year—????
1st year—?????

Imagine the chagrin of a certain pompous fourth year man under the following experience.

Place: Ward G—T.G.H.—Female.

Time: 5 o'clock.

Said fourth year man assuming profound professional air: "Are you coughing now, Mrs. —?"

Mrs. —, laboriously engaged in disintegrating a choice hunk of hospital bread between toothless mandibles—"No, oim eatin'."

And 'tis said her answer was neither soft, soothing nor syrupy.

Incoming fourth year please note!

BUYING DIAMONDS BY PROXY

Before buying a diamond, consult "Pete" Sauder, who has originated a novel scheme whereby one may be relieved of all the mental strain and worry in connection with the choice of a stone.

"Pete's" method in brief is as follows: Get some doctor, doctor's attendant or nurse, preferably the latter, to treat both eyes with hom-atropine—meanwhile secure the services of some trustworthy friend and confine to him that you wish to purchase diamonds. When your vision is blurred sufficiently to prevent the making out of details, proceed to a diamond emporium, instruct your friend to pick out the ring, have it mailed direct from the store—foot the bill and there you are—no worry, no stress, no strain.

Did you ever choose a diamond, gentlemen? If so, you will readily appreciate this marked advance in the simplifying of such ordeals.

Who was the nurse—who, after receiving orders for a "hypo" from the attending physician—asked with all sincerity—"per os or by mouth, doctor?"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—Dr. Spiro Keats shows his nephew, Ray Fungus around the old haunts—Vth year

They enter the Med. Bldg.

Roy—What do you do to get into Medicine?

Spiro—First you've got to go to the main building and show them that you know all the dead languages and your brain is still alive in spite of it. You couldn't get in Ray, because from your neck up the ivory is too valuable, and some billiard ball company would be sure to—

R.—O! say, what is that smell?

S.—Oh that's just Biochemistry. You get it in the II up when you do your dissecting and everything. The secretary is so used to that smell that they had to promise to make it right near her office to keep her from leaving and going back to her old job at Eaton's.

R.—Isn't that great—let's go over to the hospital.

(They pass through student's coal chute No. 3 and emerge from the boiler room into one of the main halls).

R.—Who are those people in the long white butcher's coats?

S.—O they're the lady doctors. They're a product of the restless spirit of the times and the fact that they are here shows what they will do if not properly managed at home. Tip-toe past this one, Ray, or she might slosh you with her stethoscope. She looks as if she'd eaten a raw beefsteak.

R.—The coats are certainly cuspidorish though, ain't they? Who's this doo-dad comin'?

S.—O never mind him, he's just the Asst. Supt. of the Hospital. He looks as if some one had just beaten him at billiards.

R.—What does he do?

S.—You mean smoke? O Players and O. P. Tobacco mostly.

R.—Where is his office?

S.—He hasn't one, but they let him loose around Ward G most of the time.

R.—Here comes the barber to give a patient his afternoon shave.

S.—No—no—Ray, my boy—that's Dr. Cornwall coming down from breakfast.

R.—What do the house doctors do?

S.—They're practising up for the billiard tournament in the spring. They make them wear light, white clothes so they won't get hot and get sweat stains on the billiard table. They used to be sore because they had to get up early twice each year to sign up when they changed trimesters. But now, when so many women students go in first anyway, and there ain't no use in lining up, they quit hollering about it.

R.—O look! Who's that cadaverous looking person leading a bunch of students along?

S.—That's a doctor, you poor simp. He's all right, but he has what they call Facies Mongoliae or Chronic Hospital Face. There is a nervous train of symptoms.

R.—They look nervous all right.

S.—No. I didn't say simpletons, I said symptoms. I wasn't speaking about the students at all. You see that big fellow though—with the orange socks—

R.—Ya.

S.—He's an awful cut-up. The other day he had to be put out of a lecture because he made so much noise with the dice that the other students couldn't get off to sleep to save their lives.

R.—Leavin' all jokes aside though, unk—do doctors make much money?

S.—Sure. A lot of them marry plumber's daughters and make quite a bit like that. Of course some of them have hard luck in not getting rich wives and they go to China where living is cheap. They're shipping a batch to Chi—

R.—Say, here's a fellow in a green uniform coming after us.

S.—Gosh—he's the bouncer—let's beat it quick. If we're caught here without a city order we'll be pinched for vagrancy.



Returned Cockney, having his chest X-rayed—"Si, mite, this is the on'y w'y I likes to 'ave me picture took—w'v'aght me 'bloomin' fice."

DO YOU BLAME THEM?

Three enterprising students of the fifth year enjoyed a rather sumptuous repast of oysters one night recently. They started preliminaries by liberally ingesting raw oysters and vinegar, topping off with stewed.

Next morning one of the participants remarked that he had suffered from stomach trouble during the night. The last oysters eaten created a young riot because the first lamella branchiata were pickled and the first raised objections because the last were stewed. Do you blame them—the oysters?

NOT MUSICAL

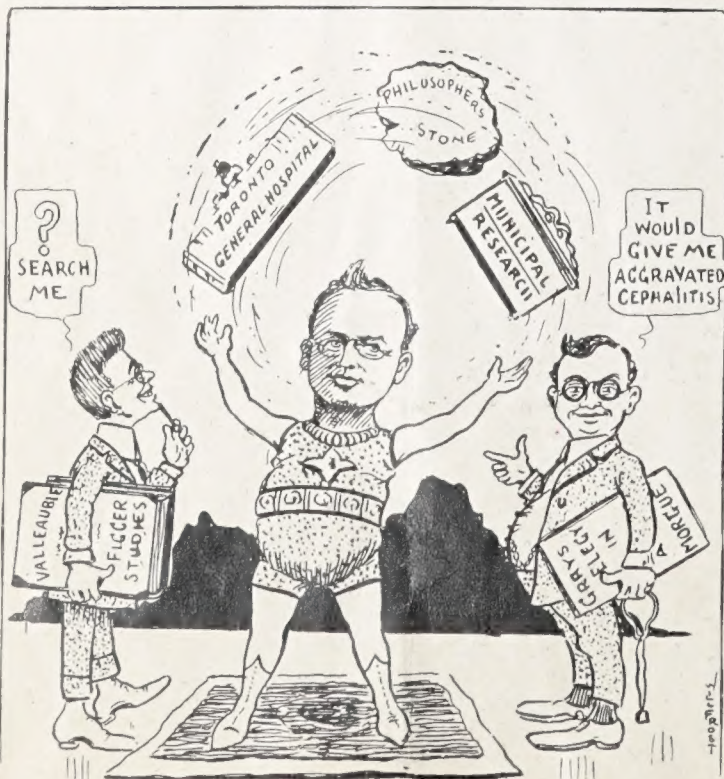
A C.A.M.C. officer was examining a new recruit. During the process he asked: "Have you any organic lesions?" The recruit paused a moment then answered—"No, sir, I'm not a bit musically inclined."

NEVER MORE

One day in the stiff room dreary,
I was struggling weak and weary,
With the quaint and curious demon-
stration—number four.
When suddenly I felt a tapping,
Of some one my shoulder slapping;
'Twas a last year's Sophomore.

Surely, said I, here is someone, who
will

Know this number four.
Surely, here indeed is someone,
Versed in all this mystic lore,
Open wide he threw his shutters,
Darkness there—and nothing more.



The wonder was and still the wonder grew,
How such a little head held all he knew.—Pope.



ANTI-B-DOPE

One of the tribe called Bolshevik
Said all other folks made "heem
ver seek."

But his nurse won at last,
And his an archy passed,
With "Anti-B" dope twice a
week.

A NEW CONSTITUENT IN MILK

Students of paediatrics
should beware of advising mixed
or artificial feeding until
further enlightened upon a new
constituent reported in The
Globe to be present in milk.

The Globe reports that no
less an authority than Prof.
Robertson stated during a lec-
ture to the Canadian Institute,
that "There is a constituent of
milk which is known as CAS-
ING—"

If such be proven true, no
wonder the poor infants suffer
gastro-intestinal disturbances.
Possibly the "casing" is acid
proof.

**"ANTI-COMPLIMENTARY POWER, OR IVth YEAR
COMPLETE INHIBITION"**

CLINIC F.

Who always offers you its chair?

Clinic F.

Whose manners are beyond compare?

Clinic F.

Who meets you with a broad, bright grin.

And steps aside to let you in.

And thinks that rudeness is a sin?

Why—Clinic F.

OVERHEARD AT OUR FIRST LECTURE IN PAEDIATRICS

1st Med. (Scotch)—"How do you spell this doctor's name?"

2nd Med.—"Doctor M-a-c-h-e-l-l."

1st Med.—"Oh! Doctor MacHell. How unholy!"

"One glance was enough
Completely 'Quant Suff'
As the Doctors write down,
When they send you their stuff."

Some people preserve their brains,
Some people pickle them.

Our Stunt Manager. But then, Mr. Brown can be a great fool
when he puts his mind to it.

Dr. Clarke, at G.P.I. Clinic—"There are some people who
seem to be created by far-seeing Providence as a solemn warn-
ing."

Seems tough on Miss H—, but how fortunate for fellow
housemen and staff that Esther has TWO left feet and can turn
corners without changing gears. Ask Aunt "Kate," nearest
known relative, to explain.

How many of us, "Shrouded in the pink aura of the Twentieth
Plane," after having indulged in an unusually heavy meal, and
with our respiratory centres soothed in the balmy atmosphere of
the light-bedimmed lecture theatre, have been abruptly recalled
to earth by those ominous words, "Make low and high-power
drawings, please."

Figuratively speaking, Dr. Watson's PELVIC DIVES "have
got" Prof. CORSAN stopped!

A PROPER SLEUTH—One who can scent an AUTOPSY
and see it.

Wall St. has nothing on 2T0 financiers. Shoot fifty some-
body! Let her ride!

What a natural question (Dr. Alan Bain)—"Did you ever
keep Cows, Mr. Nunn?"

One wonders what would happen to the TOP MILK should
the cow roll over.



"FACTORY TO POCKET," says the Soph, as he stuffs a
piece of liver in the Freshie's overcoat.

The antiquity of the microbe—Adam had 'em.

D. M. Masson's idea of reviving the University spirit—
"Open the hotels!"

Is Rush responsible for instituting the wearing of "Go-to-
Heaven" collars and polka dot ties among fourth year
celebrities?

THIRD YEAR OVERFLOW

"Sp-n" S-therla-d—"Say Bill, I wonder where I could bor-
row a full dress suit for Wednesday night?"

Bill—"No idea, Spin, unless you talk to the janitor."

Two days later.

Bill—"How's the suit coming Sp-n?"

Sp-n—"Fine, all fixed up! But, say, where can I borrow a
white tie—just for that night?"

D-les 2T1—

"I'd go fellows, but gosh darn it I can't dance. Well, get me
a girl—I'll try anything once."

DELAYED IIInd YEAR SPASMS

Mrs. Branch—"If those of you who
haven't enough brains to understand
this work will kindly snore quietly it
will make things pleasanter for all.

Prof. Robertson (pausing for breath
and a new piece of chalk)—"Of course,
this is a very simple formula."

Prof. McLeod—"And I was waiting
patiently upstairs. There is something
strange about it."

N.B.—Prof. McLeod waited up
stairs for his class, one hour, mean-
while his class waited down stairs.
Patience is a virtue!



Delirium—and—After!

Programme

OVERTURE ORCHESTRA



Address - - - - President Medical Society
L. A. PEQUENAT

III Year Presents:

"The Umpteenth Plane"

Impersonation — — — — ?

II Year Presents:

"As Dry As Sahara"

Orchestra - - - - - Selected

I Year Presents:

"The 2T3 '4'"



INTERVAL



IV Year Presents:—Cerebral Stuntitis

"To be or not to be, that is the Question"

Impersonations — ? — ? — ?

The Ladies Present:

"A Musical Muddle"

Orchestra - - - - - Selected

General Stunt:—What is the diagnosis?

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us"

Judges' Decision

Competition for cup—limited to the 4 years.
Piano supplied by R. S. Williams & Sons Co.

GOD SAVE THE KING

-:- The Lost Sponge -:-

Ah, woe is me—and is it lost?
 And must we reckon with the cost?
 With faces blanched and pinched with fear
 They searched the place from front to rear—
 Each nook and cranny keenly scan,
 The floor, the pails, the wall, and ether can;
 Yea e'en behind the clock they peer,
 In boot and pocket, wild with fear,
 Lest all be lost and fortune plunge
 Their souls in gloom o'er one small sponge.



"Believe me, Zantippy, when a sponge is lost during an operation, there's somethin' doin'!"

THAT NIGHT

'Tis found! Oh blessed fate,—
 Up go her spirits, up her pulse's rate;
 Her patient's life is safe, her fears subdued
 .She trembled first, then boldly she withdrew
 That sponge—the sponge—oh, sponge, ye gods!
 That wrecked the morn and 'tween her sobs
 Cavorts around sans reason and sans plan
 That sponge is not inside her man.

III Year Exacerbation

Mane et Nocte.

Larry Doyle—"How do you like my new pipe?"
 Stub Walters—"I am from Niagara Falls, New York."
 Carl Hill—"What is your favorite enema?"
 Cryderman—"Now, Dr. Detweiler, that is not right."
 Thomas—"It's too early to get out of bed."
 McKinnon—"I don't like women."
 Bromley—"Isn't she a peach?"
 Zwicke—"Where are we now?"
 Carlisle—"What will we eat?"
 Hepburn—"How many pages of notes did you get?"

HORMONE RESONANCE

Prof. McLeod—"Is that a criterion of the hormone effect of the H-ion concentration?"

C. Q. M. S. McDonald—(After long pause). "I don't just understand my hearing the hormone."

RECENT MONOGRAPHS

Edmonds—Auscultation in Carcinoma.
 Koster—Causterization of ulcers.
 Watters—Style Craft Clothing.
 Si Arthur—Bacillus Pavlova producing Painter's Colic.
 W. L. McKenzie—Feminine Psychology in Pharmacology.
 Harrison—War Amputations with the Sword.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Having been informed of Dean Clarke's fondness for music, Jack Deavitt is taking lessons on the fiddle.

SPTS. RECTIFICATVS

Disappointment awaited the two veterans who voluntarily spent Christmas vacation in the dispensary. The cupboard was kept locked.

Tough luck, Ped and Zwick!

EXTRACTA

Dr. Ross—"Six days shalt thou inoculate, but the seventh day, put thy faith in the phase of artificial immunity."

Dr. Fletcher McP.—"Get the worth of your tin and hike down front, you ginks in the gods. Bald-headed row going at 22½¢ per; and Fatty Arbuckle in the next reel."

Dr. Marlow—"There seems to be some strange faces in the front row."

Explanation re Dr. Marlow—Dr. Marlow is fully pardoned. Through some mistake he was not advised of a change in lecture rooms and bravely faced the third year instead of the luminous dials of ye fourth year.

Lecture on optics—"Red and green lights are used in navigation for Port and Star Beer."

Now we can understand why the Bolsheviki are fond of red and the Irish of green. For explanation apply to W. S. Duncan.

As a mater of fact it is perfectly obvious that some people are vague lecturers.

IN THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE



During the first (false) alarm of peace, the patriotic piper from the patho of (Clan Richardson) perpetrated a selection of Scottish airs. Heavy doses of morphine were afterwards given the patients.



Add to the horrors of war the sculptured moustache.

"Johnnie" Deavitt, 1913-1919—"Still going strong."

"Jimmie Latchf—d"—"Fellows, I'm tired right out taking down so many blinkin' notes!"

Red Mills—"You know fellows, it's darned good practice—and by the end of the term we ought to be as good as Johnnie Oille anyhow."



Behold the nurse's jaunty step and style,
 As she flits around lively and gay.
 Greeting the boys with a nod and a smile.

Thus she begins the day.



But byemby the hours begin to drag
 Her spine goes limp, her tresses go astray
 Her feet grow heavy and her spirits flag.

Thus she ends the day.

Speaking of War Prescriptions

A third year ex-gunner submits the following as a splendid example of dosage handed the Hun:

Shelli h. e. ...lbs. XXII
 Greasi elbowi 3 V
 Bitteri vengeancis . 3 X
 Mutteredae

cursae..... 3 XXX

M. et. Sig. Pro re nata.

He adds: "We considered ourselves justified in using these ingredients as they greatly relieved our feelings."

Another example of the psychical reactions of war.

Prof. McKenzie—"Well, how is it coming on? Why have you not drawn anything yet?"

Fair Pathologist—"Oh, yes, but when I saw you coming, Prof. McKenzie, I hid my picture."

Teacher—"Where is the apex beat?"

Bright 3rd year youth—"Vth interspace, 3½ ins. from mid line."

Fletcher—"Whose? Mrs. Vernon Castle's or Fatty Arbuckle's."

INFECTIOUS MATERIAL FROM $2T_2$

A MORNING SACRIFICE

Right early on the morning air,
Was wafted down an incense rare,
That caused me to in haste repair,
To the Beanery.

I hung my hat behind the door
On top of several dozen more,
And cast my coat upon the floor,—
And entered.

For reasons that I can't explain,
I looked me for a chair in vain,
So with a calm, expectant mien,—
I waited.

Now several chairs from where I stood,
I 'spied a man whom I thought should
Soon finish in all likelihood,—
His pudding.

But when that man at last arose,
A freshman trod upon my toes,
And sank down right beneath my nose,
Contented!

PLEASE TELL US

If "Montgomery" "Heard" "Graham" "Cumming" "Long" "Logan."

If "Professor" Boley's idea of
starting a separate chair in electricity
is not rather dangerous?

If D. H. Running intends to retain
the permanent presidency of the Fish
Club?

If "Fowler" set a "Trapp" in an
"Oke" "Forrest" would the "Shier"
"Birds" "Chase" the "Bates"?

If G. W. Harris has found out who
put the lead in the head of his sub.
and started him on detective work?

Who the freshmen were who were
caught playing checkers on G. W. Corrow's lab. coat?

Why E. C. Long takes so many trips
to the country. Is he prescribing for
a blind pig?

Who the ex-patient of Dean Clark
was who studied physiology until 2
a.m?

What W. G. MacDonald saw through
the keyhole?

THE DOCTOR

Who welcomes us in tender years
Unto this vale of woe and tears
And starts us on our way with cheers?
The doctor.

Who saw us through our early ills,
The measles, croup and endless chills,
And fed us sugar-coated pills?
The doctor.

Who is our friend in time of woe.
As onward on life's path we go?
Who lights our load of hoarded dough?
The doctor.

And when life's journey all is past,
And three score ten approacheth fast.
Who speeds us on our way at last?
The doctor.



RESEARCH WORK FOR SECOND YEAR

Extract the conceit from "Bill" Dunning, 2T2, then find an instrument sufficiently sensitive to detect a residue.

THE BUG-SEEKERS FIRST LAB.

The golden headed demi, and the prophylactic doe.
Were waiting when the Sophomores strolled in at ten o'clock.
They looked upon us creatures with a pity undisguised,
For none were disinfected and none were sterilized.

They claimed that anyone might be a hotbed of disease,
So they steamed us in the autoclave at a thousand odd degrees.
Then froze us in a freezer that was cold as banished hope.
And washed us with permanganate and carbolated soap.

They rubbed some pure formaldehyde around behind our ears,
And trimmed our last week's whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears.
Then donned their rubber mittens and took us by the hand,
And 'lected us all members of the fumigated band.

So we hunt the little "bugses" with our little microscope,
And use our carbol fuchsin like a layman uses soap.
And swear by Hiss and Zinssee, that there before our eyes,
We behold the little Sprochaete That's killing off the flies.

And not a micrococcus upon our hide shall stay,
For we bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And we work away like blazes With our left eye on the clock
And our right eye on the demi and the prophylactic doe.

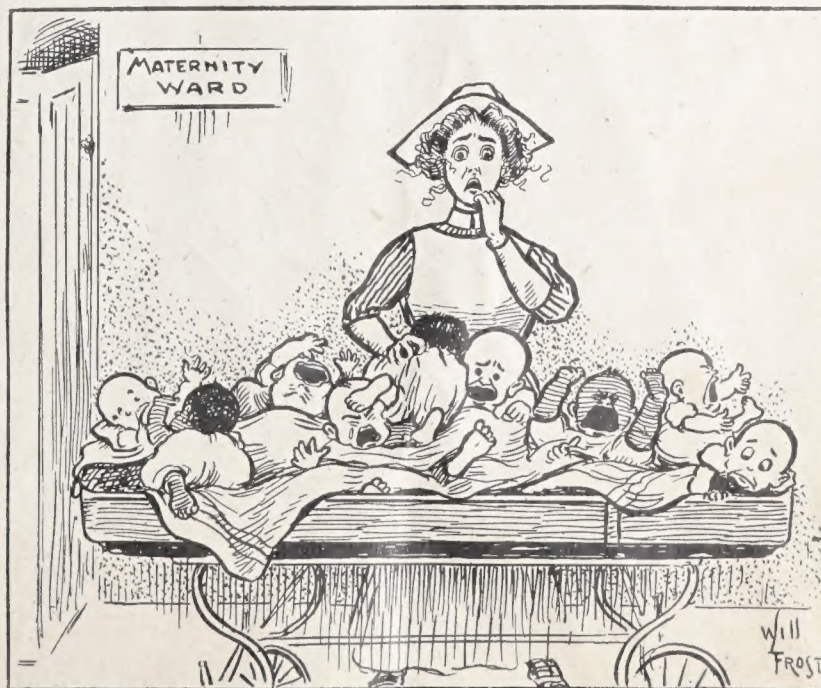
Inquiring Friend—"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

Peeved One—"I went there to collect a bill."

A Soph. named Baker had some bees. He thought he was their friend. He used to sit upon the hives, But they got him in the end.



Some pathological specimens, including "Alex."



Why the wise nurse thinks twice before marrying once!



If you don't believe that war is the elixir of youth—ask Dr. Gibb-Wishart.

2T₃ GOES OVER THE TOP

Prof. Bensley usually speaks about microscopic organisms, and it appears to us that the smaller the organism the longer is its name. The name being usually proportional to the size of the organism. We often wish he would speak about elephants and other insects of the animal kingdom.

What did Dr. Cornell mean when he told us to take our brains home, as we have no further use for them here? He must know some of us better than we thought he did.

It is worthy of notice that some of the boys are getting as popular with the ladies as a little mouse at an old maid's picnic.

DIDN'T BELIEVE IN WITNESSES

An old colored man was brought before a country judge.

"Jethro," said the judge, "You are accused of stealing General Johnson's chickens. Have you any witnesses?"

"No sah," old Jethro answered haughtily. "I hab not, sah, I never steal chickens befo' witnesses."

AN ASSURED RESULT

A young laborer on his way to work, called at the registrar's office to register his father's death. When the official asked the date of the event, the son replied: "He ain't dead yet, but he'll be dead before night, so I thought it would save me another journey if you put it down now." "Oh, that won't do at all," said the registrar. "Perhaps your father will live till to-morrow." "Well, I don't think so, sir, the doctor says he won't, and he knows what he has given him."

An old preacher told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it over again, verified it and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Father: "Johnny, don't you know it is bad policy to get up late for school. Remember, it is the early bird that catches the worm."

Johnny: "What bout the worm, father?"

Father: "Oh, the worm"—a little puzzled. "It was just coming home."

A man rushed into the hotel and demanded the key to room 18. "But, sir, room 18 is occupied by Mr. Jones," replied the clerk. "I am Mr. Jones," answered the man angrily, "and just fell out of the window."

NON FILTERABLE VIRUS

(With apologies to Dr. Satterley)

There was a professor named Bogs,
Who wore very quaint old togs
And when he was dead
They opened his head,
And discovered a table of logs.

Two men were arguing about their parentage.

First Man—My grandmother married an English peer.

Second Man—That's nothing, mine married a Canadian doc.

Perkins' little experiment on his upper lip is going on famously. It is nearly time some one lent him a razor.

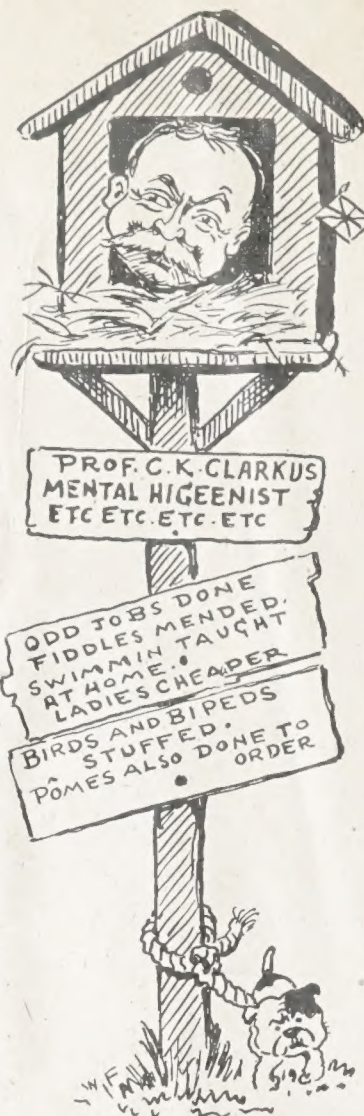
If Prof. McMurrich saw Dr. Watt beating his way home on a street car, Watt would he do: swipe home, too?

No indeed, he'd Playfair and Produce his fare.

I bought myself a suit of combination underwear,
To protect me from the cold and winter's chilly air.

I wore it six or seven months without exaggeration.

And I couldn't take it off because I'd lost the combination.



HE'S FOUND A BETTER 'OLE

Oh! what a lark! Here's old Doc. Clarke

All in a hole of his own;
The cute old chip has left
"Our Ship,"

And landed a meaty bone.

No more will Med's heave verbal rocks

At his Falstaffian style;

No more he'll poke some mouldy joke

To stir his listeners' bile.

The wise old hoss is now the boss,

Of a job that's sure some cinch;

Mental Hi-geen and "things" between,

We could guess 'em at a pinch.

In ereased pants, a hat that slants,

A collar clean every day;

Our worthy Dean, doth smirk and preen,

On his exalted way.

THESE BE DRY TIMES

Will the fellows who throw the sponge desist from throwing a wet sponge, try a dry one. Wet sponges are known to dampen people's spirits.

MORE DEDICATIONS

He wore no hat upon his head,
Nor a cap, nor a dandy bonnet,
But his hair, it hung all down his back,
Like a horse's mane upon it!

When he lectured to the medicine class,
You should hear his shrill loud voice, sir,
Like the news-boys yell in Leicester Square
Or a Cop at Charring Cross, sir!

A BRICK BAT

It's easy enough to be happy,
When life is a bright, rosy wreath.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When a Dent is pulling his teeth.

She—Do they teach you Chemistry in the first year in Medicine?

He—Yes, and they are most considerate; they even filter it into us through a Fun-nell.

Overheard in Chemical Lab. a few days ago: "Oh, Hutchie! I do love to play in water, don't you?"

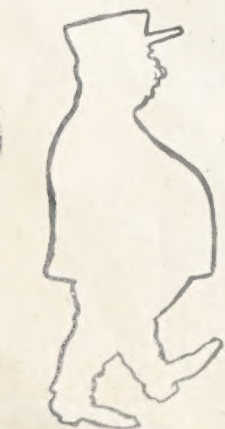
Overheard in first year Biology Lab: "You wash the tray Gertrude, and I shall put the h'animal away."

Sophmore—"What is blood pressure Freshie?"

Freshman—"Blood pressure is a disease to which we are all subject. There are four varieties: High, Low, Jack and Ace.



Space left by Dean Clarke.



Space left by Lea

MODERN CONVENIENCES

Hospital authorities should supply "Billy" Dafoe and "Wee Fergy" with new model bedside periscopes for examination purposes, particularly where patients are in high beds or aggravated adiposity elevates their ventral contour above Billy's and Fergy's line of inspection. Conversely "Slim" Russel should be supplied with a telescope. It's hard on Slim's accommodating powers inspecting cases from such a high altitude.

ASPIRATIONS OF 2T3

I want to be a surgeon
And midst the surgeons stand
A white cap on my forehead
A knife within my hand.
I'll take out your appendix
Your grouch and liver too
I'm sure you will not know yourself
By the time I'm through with you.



Modern conveniences—T. G. H. Clinics. See note.

NURSY'S LITTLE PROBLEMS



MIKE: "LUKATERE NUSS, I KIN STAND AVIN'
ME 'ANDS FROSTBIT BUT I WONT
STAND AVING ME FACE WASHED
TWICT A DAY, IT AINT IN REASON—NOHOW!"

HATS OFF TO THIS ONE.

A new and incurable disease that the doctors cannot diagnose is thus explained in a medical journal: "We are at a loss to account for this peculiar complex of symptoms, a condition evidently chronic as revealed by the history of the last three years, with yaws and suppurating otitis as predecessors, yet with acute exacerbations, a condition not clearly explained on the basis of an

organic lesion of any one organ, yet showing cardiac enlargement, albuminuria and cylinduria, general adenopathy, icterus, with a secondary anaemia not remarkable for the great reduction in red corpuscles or haemoglobin, but strikingly atypical in the large number of nucleated red corpuscles of the normoblastic type and in the tendency of the erythrocytes to assume a slender, sicklelike shape."

It must be some disease!

ELECTRICAL THERAPY!

A certain well-known and esteemed man in medical circles was informed at the secretary's office, Medical Building, recently, when he made reference to a slow clock in the hall—that it must be right, that the University was run by electricity. He afterwards expressed the opinion to his class that he had always considered it was something slower than hydro electric power that activated that institution.

DEDICATED TO THE HON. DR. J. S.

Oh Prof. in Physics! We have heard
We hear thee—and rejoice
We hope that next year, all we'll have
Is the memory of thy voice.

We do wish that you loved us Meds.
But will you not recall
We are a bunch of "Just Canucks"
Sans training—one and all.

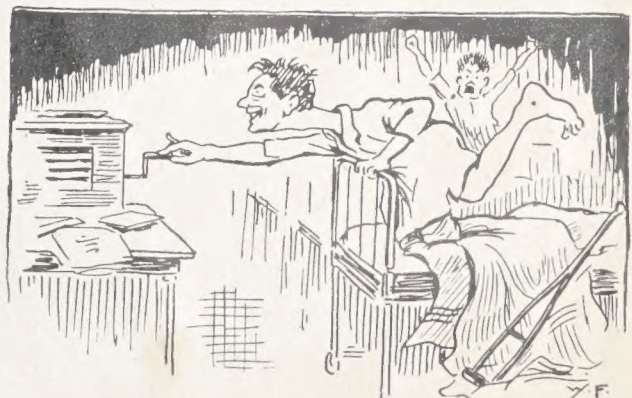
We never learned to use our logs
Nor what a cosine is
But you expounded all one hour
And then you set that quizz.

If I shall live till I'm M.D.
I never shall forget
The nights I spent in prep for that
Oh how my soul did fret!!!!

S equals one half a t²
U² makes 2 as.
But when a "U" comes in the game
Oh! hang! I leave the mess.

But do not worry—ne'er again,
Shall I disturb my calm
Next time I'll ask the Ouija board
What's coming on exam.

—Mephisto.



OFT IN THE STILLY WATCHES OF THE NIGHT

Some guy with but one sole for music turns on the thrice-cursed gramophone and raiseth hell's delight.

WE HUMBLY ASK

If a five-year course makes a man bald—what will a six-year course do?

A HUMAN CENTIPEDE

An Irish housekeeper was showing to some visitors the family portraits in the picture gallery.

"That officer there in uniform," she said, "was the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of this property. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have a leg or arm carried away." Then she added proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements!"

Isn't it a sad thing that surgeons keen for amputation have in this day and age a breed so destitute of limbs? Just think what a field would present itself were there more of the above "great-great-grandfather" variety of humans.

A DESCRIPTIVE RECORD

The Hindu Pabu hospital assistant had been taken to task for not keeping proper charts of the patients. Next day he presented the following:

8 a.m. The patient's life in low degree.

10 a.m. Life in sink.

11 a.m. Flit.

1 p.m. Flut.



ALL OF ONE MIND

A jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence the twelve men retired and after deliberating returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

WANTED

Some philanthropic individual to donate or otherwise manage to procure for the married men among the undergraduate years suitable mottoes for their homes. It has been suggested that such an one as "What is Home Without a Mother-in-law," would appeal to the majority. Suitable embellishments, particularly decorative schemes introducing symbols characteristic of medicine would lend attractiveness to such a wall piece. The skull and cross bones might be fittingly employed.

HOW DOES THIS HIT YOU?

It isn't the cough that carries you off
It's the coffin they carry you off in.



MILITARY INSPECTION AS IT AINT.

A LITTLE ONE BY THE "REV." DR. F. N. G. STARRY

A man with a book on Spiritualism under his arm demanded admittance of St. Peter.

"Who are you?" asked the doorkeeper.

"I'm Sherlock Holmes," came the reply.

"Oh," said St. Peter, "I'm from Missouri; I want to be shown. Come in and spot Adam and Eve in that bunch over there."

In the whisk of a lamb's tail Sherlock returned with Adam, likewise Eve.

"Some detective," gasped the amazed Peter, "how'd you manage it?"

"Easy," remarked Sherlock returning a powerful microscope to his vest pocket. "These are the only two without navels!"

WHAT NEXT?

Lady to Surgeon Prob, R.C.N.V.R.—"What does the red stripe on your cuff mean?"

Surg. Prob.—"That denotes that I am a Naval Surgeon."

Lady—"Dear me! They have specialists for everything now-a-days; don't they?"

WHY THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN

It was because the following items appeared in his paper:

"Mrs. Thomas W. Johnston read an article for the Women's Club, entitled, 'Personal Devils.' Seventeen were present."

"Mr. John Crouse shipped a carload of hogs to the city one day last week. Three of his neighbors went in with him to make up the load."

Ed's note—We are not prepared to leave town. If the worst comes to worst we'd much prefer a trip to the land of everlasting pink twilight.

DR. BINGHAM ON MEDICAL ETHICS

"Cultivate a Bedside Manner"

A certain temporary doctor during the recent epidemic (name censored) went to see a patient suffering from the Flu. The nurse in charge of the case was a V.A.D., both young and charming. The patient was apparently in a drowsy toxæmic state, but was, perhaps, not so comatose as appearances suggested, for, on recovery some days later he gave an interesting account of the doctor's visit.

Moral for young doctors: Never kiss a nurse unless you are absolutely sure that the patient is asleep.